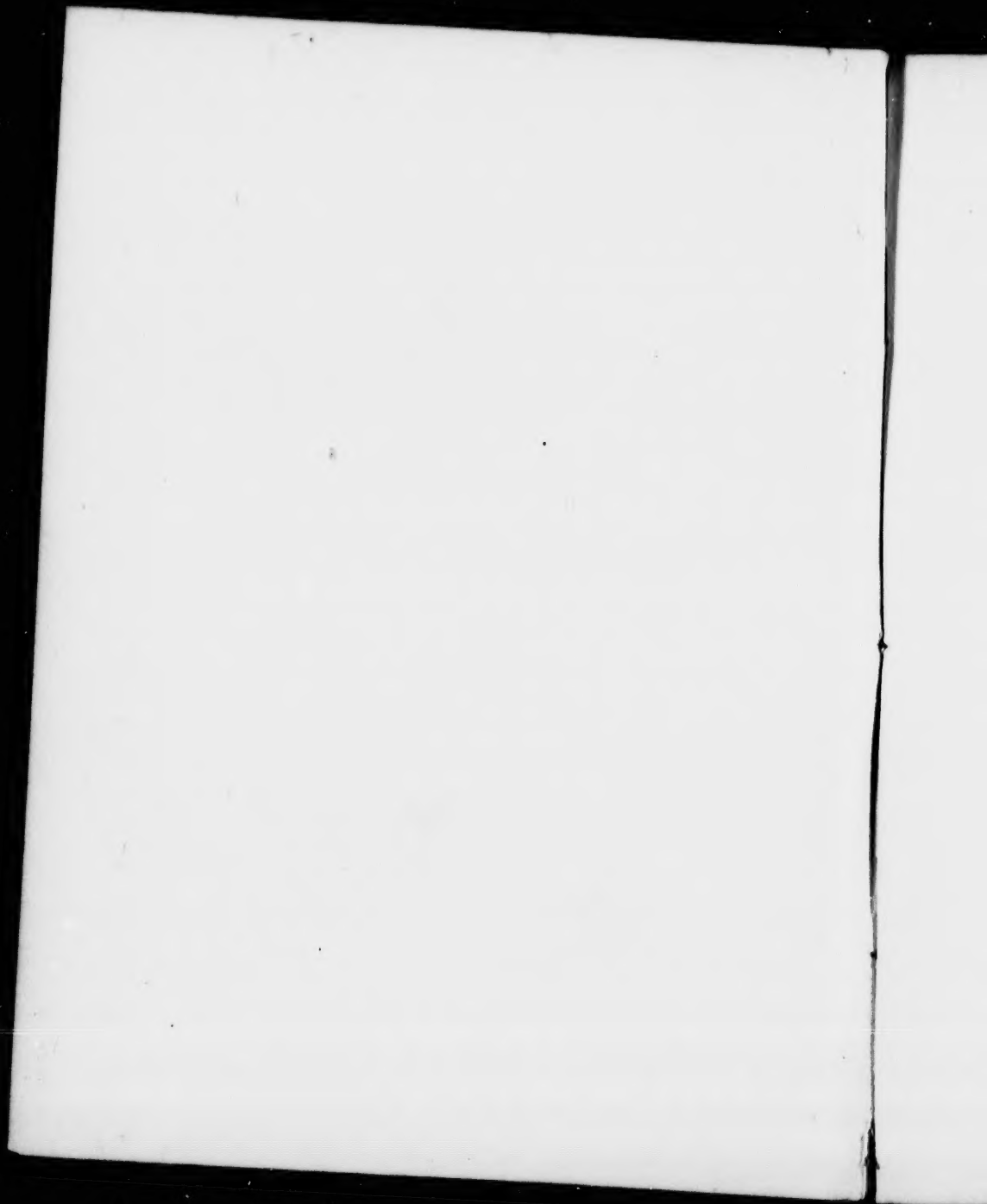


OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.



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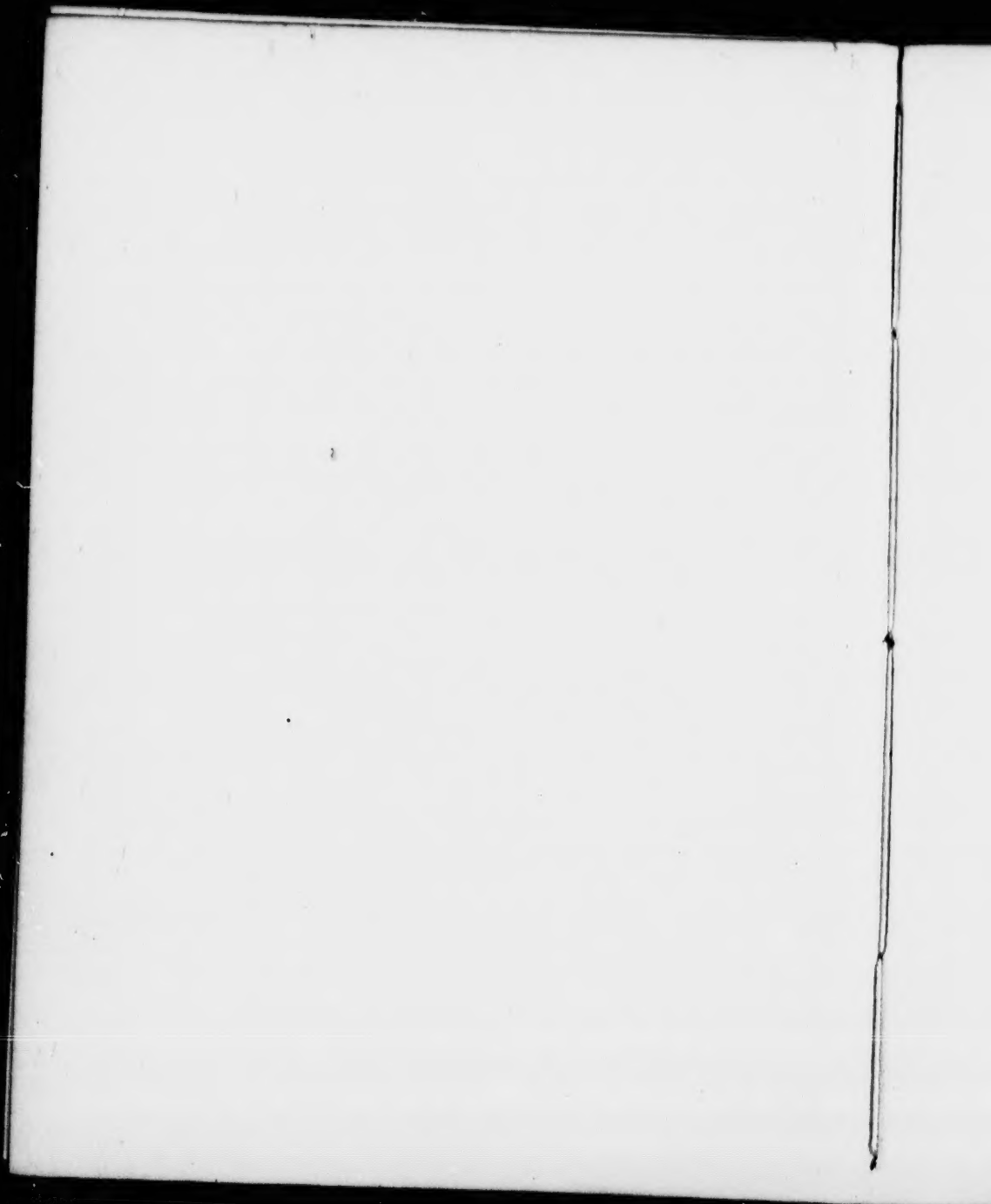
A Prize Poem.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL,

University of Toronto.



TORONTO—1862.



OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.



OUR widowed Queen! oh sadly falls
Thy name of mourning, lately breathed,
Dark is the veil of grief that palls
The throne of kings, now, cypress wreathed;
Short-sighted in our present bliss,
We lived in peace, our direst fears
Ne'er framed for thee a name like this,
Thy title to a nation's tears.

Oh, never has our own fair land
Been blessed with prince more loved than he,
Whose earnest mind, whose fostering hand,
A widowed people mourns with thee ;
No consort worthier to share
The glory of thy mighty sway,
Or show forth all a father's care,
Has ever passed from earth away.

Our widowed Queen ! well mayst thou mourn
The stroke of death, what anguish sore
Thy tender heart has bravely borne,
Yet more should we his loss deplore ;
With us, alone, his name and deeds,
No trifling legacies remain ;
Whilst o'er thy heart the widow's weeds
But blossom hopes to meet again ;

And when thou lay'st the sceptre down,
And tak'st unto thyself a prize
More glorious far than earthly crown
That ever dazzled mortal eyes,
In the bright light of heaven's own love
With him thy love shall perfect be ;
A nation knows no life above,
Thy people may not follow thee.

Our homage is of little worth
To comfort thee in all thy woe,
Or call the love that lost to earth
Now makes the tears of orphans flow ;
And therefore would we humbly pray
To Him who in all times has been
The widow's and the orphan's stay—
"God save and bless our widowed Queen."

OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

God save and bless thee, long to reign
As thou hast reigned, a nation's pride,
And rule the hearts which not in vain
Thine own true heart has sought to guide;
That in thy people's sympathies
Thou mayst rejoice, upon them lean,
And from our loss may yet arise
New cause to bless our widowed Queen.

